What Beautiful Things

Dustin Kensrue

Leaves are falling, the wolves are calling And death goes with them The light is waning the night will reign o'er me But in the heart of the deepest dark The light is shining I lift my head from my dying bed and sing Oh, what beautiful things I see The lunatics with the fire-sticks And the deadly rhythm They reprimand us with reckless savagery But in the midst of apocalypse The dove brings tidings I lift my eyes to the azure skies and sing Oh, what beautiful things I see We're so surprised when we realize that We're deftly skilled in The very vices we swear off violently Still at the crux of the worst in us Hope is hiding I lift my gaze from my wicked ways and sing Oh, what beautiful things I see Oh, what beautiful things I see Oh, what beautiful things I see Oh, what beautiful things I see

Oh, what beautiful things I see Oh, what beautiful things I see